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# Travel

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The road through the desert

## THE ROUTE FROM THE MISSISSIPPI TO SALT LAKE CITY—THROUGH THE HEART OF THE GREAT WEST ON THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROAD

NEWTON A. FUESSLE

*[This is the second of a series of three successive articles by Mr. Fuessle on the Lincoln Highway. The final instalment in the April issue will complete the coast to coast journey and carry the reader from Salt Lake to San Francisco.—EDITOR]*

**S**KEPTICS who doubted the value of the Lincoln Highway as a practical transcontinental motor route, were amazed on November 27, 1914, by a remarkable performance which once and for all proved every mile of it, even in its then imperfect condition, and on that bleak, forbidding, late autumnal day, to be readily passable.

In twelve hours on that day, 200 drivers officially appointed by the Lincoln Highway Association, operating many makes of cars, each covering an allotted section, traversed the 3,400 miles of the highway in one of the most extraordinary relay exhibitions on record. The reports of the participants in this great inspection tour showed over 75 per cent of the way to be equipped with at least eight official markers to the mile, and the entire route to be in good, serviceable motoring condition.

The great adventure of a transcontinental drive, therefore, is being planned for next summer by thousands of motorists. They will find a superb, swift trail gleaming before them, the world's greatest open road. An unparalleled combination of causes has conspired to make

1915 America's greatest motor touring year: the European war, which for the present has wiped the best exotic trails off the motorist's map; the culmination of the widespread "See America First" campaign; the lure of the Panama-Pacific Exposition; the great recent betterment of road conditions; and finally the remarkable development of the motor art to the point where electric starting and other long-sought features have removed almost the last of the mechanical obstacles that formerly annoyed motorists on cross-country jaunts.

"Transcontinental touring," declares H. B. Joy, President of the Lincoln Highway Association, "should be a camping trip by motor, if you would experience the greatest pleasure and not be compelled to make certain distances daily, when the lure of the open country invites delay, as you cross the great western regions whose wonders one cannot measure by mere words, any more than he can describe the beauties of the mystic, starry heavens of Arizona. Crossing the continent by motor to-day," adds this expert of the highway, "is a good, 'sporty' proposition, but should not be undertaken without an



CAMPING-OUT IN THE WYOMING DESERT

In the early stages of the Lincoln Highway this motor truck made a transcontinental trip over the uncompleted roads. Camping-out is, apparently, going to prove one of the chief attractions of the coast-to-coast journey over the Highway





understanding of real conditions and possible inconveniences. The motorist should provide himself plentifully with those camp comforts—grub, sleeping-bags, and water. There are innumerable side-trips off the Lincoln Highway that will lure the traveler into surpassingly attractive camp-spots where his stopover privilege will be determined only by his supplies and equipment. Many a Lincoln Highway tourist, indeed, will find himself so strongly tempted to linger here and there amid wonder-spots of beauty that he will be loath to resume his journey toward the setting sun, while the destination originally planned may dwindle into minor importance and perhaps be left entirely to later opportunity."

Mr. Joy declares that some of the roads selected to form segments of the Lincoln Highway are unquestionably bad. "In searching out the Lincoln Highway," he asserts, "we saw all the other roads. We traveled them. We know them! The Lincoln Highway, according to no less a motor route authority than S. D. Waldon, is a *boulevard* compared with every other route to the Coast."

In appropriate keeping with the memorial character of this great way, a plan has been adopted which provides for the construction of memorial miles and memorial bridges along the Highway. This plan serves two functions. It is hastening the completion of the Highway west of the Mississippi, where sparse population is interfering with rapid headway toward perfecting the Lincoln Way. And it is affording public-spirited men and women an opportunity to rear memorials that blend beauty, utility and benefaction that will go singing down the ages. The tendency of the world to-day is toward monuments that breathe, instead of mere beauty-



NEAR CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

Big car or little, limousine or motor truck, the Lincoln Highway, with its 3400 miles of good roads, will look alike to all



A MEMORIAL BRIDGE IN IOWA

The local pride of the landowners has found a useful expression in the building of memorial bridges such as this one in Greene County, Iowa

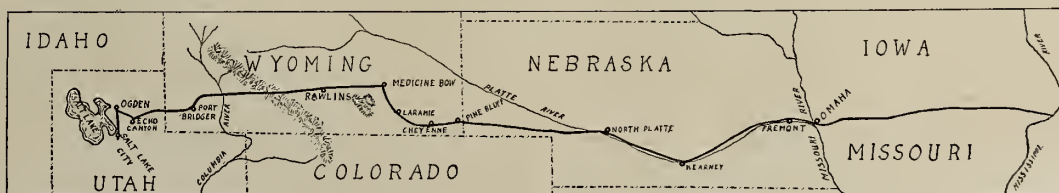
bitter slums, asylums to the afflicted, coffee houses to the forlorn, brotherhood clubs to those wistful victims of state stupidity who come unrestored to normality out of the penitentiaries. And so it is becoming the vogue among the rich to build memorial miles along the Lincoln Highway, not only beautifying America's great girdling way, but giving their imperishable gift to the future, and helping smooth the ribboned road for generations and centuries to come. A subscription of \$5,000 establishes a memorial mile. Each will be marked with an appropriate and enduring tablet designed by the American Institute of Architects. One thousand miles have been set aside for dedication as unit memorials to men, women and organizations.

No sooner has the motorist crossed the Mississippi River at Fulton, and begun to swirl on into Iowa, than he beholds the first signs of these beautiful individual memorials. Capt. Mead, of Green County, has given a large sum for the construction of what is called the Head Memorial Bridge. Iowa farmers, catching the fever, are erecting artistic concrete markers where the Highway dips

through their neighborhood. Tractor engines, toiling and coughing at their tasks, have been remaking Iowa roads into conformity with the high standards demanded for Lincoln Highwayfarers. As the motorist speeds on over the gentle slopes of this pleasant farm-state, he can hardly realize that he is following the old Overland Trail, that he is winding on through regions which teem with nearly forgotten memories of gold-seeker, adventurer, pirate of the plains, Indian, mail-rider, and pony express. It is the route, too, that was followed by the famous Donner party, which perished at the edge of a California lake after it

had hurled on through an unknown and peril-packed country on its terrible and historic march.

The Highway proceeds through cities like Clinton,



Map showing the route of the Lincoln Highway, with the important stops from the Mississippi to Salt Lake





## CROSSING THE PLAINS NEAR ELK MOUNTAINS

The great plains of the storied West, innocent of tree or bush, roll on and on to meet the horizon. Here the buffalo used to roam, the Indian built his tepee and the cowboy followed his herd

Cedar Rapids, Marshall town and Ames, dips from Council Bluffs to the level of the bridge which carries it across the Missouri River into Omaha, one of the big gateways to the West since 1854, and then on across the farmlands of Nebraska. From now on the

traveler must be willing to encounter inconveniences now and then. Unless he is an old hand at Western life, and inured to hunger, thirst and discomfort, he may be surprised at some of the rigors of cross-country motoring. But if he is a true lover of the open, properly equipped for the journey, he will find every obstacle on America's unparalleled trail good fun to face and conquer. Remember that one of the youngest and smallest of the motor car tribe crossed from New York to San Francisco in thirty days without mishap as early as the summer of 1914, while hundreds of the bigger and heavier cars have made the crossing and afforded their occupants the outings of their lives. Even heavy-duty trucks, woefully hampered on almost every portion of the Highway by their wide-tread wheel-base, have traversed the entire Highway. The time required for the trip, with easy driving, should not exceed nineteen days, driving about ten hours a day, and making an average of eighteen miles an hour during driving time.

Camping equipment, cooking utensils, provisions and water become necessary factors, once the tourist leaves Omaha, for the remainder of the journey west. Here distances between towns, as well as between farm and ranch houses, begin getting appreciably greater, and many a party will prefer to crawl into the sleeping-bags and camp under the stars, after a supper prepared over the muttering faggots, rather than motor on over unknown roads in the darkness.

Through Nebraska's flat farmlands the tourist finds most excellent roads through Elkhorn, Waterloo, Fremont, Ames, North Bend, and chuyler. At Fremont one crosses the Platte River, which is ap-



A monument at Laramie to the builders of the Union Pacific Railroad



## AT THE BACKBONE OF AMERICA

This cross-roads sign post at Kearney, Neb., marks the continental bisecting line on the Lincoln Highway

proximately followed to the edge of Colorado. Crossing the Loup River at Columbus, the motorist gets his first taste of sandy country. Also, the gradual ascent toward the Rockies has now commenced. Between Grand Island and North Platte, Nebraska, a distance of 153 miles, the ascent is 935 feet. A few miles east of Odessa, one is met by one of the most interesting sign-posts of the journey—the sign at the humble cross-roads indicating the middle of the continent, a spot 1,733 miles from both Boston and San Francisco. Throughout this section swift progress is being made toward the perfection of the American king of highways. At North Platte a \$50,000 bond issue has been passed providing for a permanent structure to take the place of the old wooden bridge across the Platte River.

Though the tourist is now in the Great West, at no point is the distance between ranches or towns greater than eighty miles or so. Oil and gas may be obtained at reasonable rates at frequent intervals. The minimization of real dangers or hardships has been taken care of by enthusiastic townsfolk, whom the appearance of this highway in their midst has been greeted as a boon and a delight, and





## A HALT IN THE RED DESERT

Crossing Wyoming, the Lincoln Highway runs close to the confines of the Yellowstone, and a side trip thither is easily arranged. The scenery throughout this section is a worthy foretaste of the glories of the Rockies to come



## THE ROAD INTO CLINTON, IOWA

Following, as it does, the various state roads, the Lincoln Highway takes advantage of the best local routes

women who feel the lure of a motor trip across the continent may look forward to it without misgivings. Nebraska's roads are being hospitably dragged and rolled with regularity.

Golden Colorado may be entered at Julesburg for a side-trip to Denver, and thence through Longmont, Loveland and Fort Collins, and into Wyoming at Pine Bluff. This was originally picked as the route of the Lincoln Highway. It has since been changed to take the traveler by a shorter route from Kimball, Neb., to Pine Bluff, Wyo., and on into Cheyenne, capital of the state. This city has paid enthusiastic tribute to the Lincoln Highway by renaming the streets over which it traverses its confines.

The traveler is now well into the heart of the West. The plains, brooded over by painted skies, roll on and on, while the pencilled line of the ribboned road winds softly on to meet the horizon. Here buffalo used to herd; here crouched the tepeed villages of the Indians; here rode the wizards of horsemen in later ranching days, and still do, for that matter, although here and there the bright luster of green dabs on the duller landscape marks spots where husbandry has under-



How one Western farmer built a concrete road-marker on his land

taken the raising of alfalfa on the savage productivity of Wyoming's soil.

This was a region known and loved by Bret Harte and the great O. Henry. They found imperishable romance in the rough men and strange women who peopled these far-flung plains.

The vitalizing rush of

air on these wondrous plains fill the lungs and intoxicate the mind of the tourist-pilgrim from the low altitudes. The trail through Wyoming traverses a steadily rising region, although no appreciable grades have yet been encountered at any point. The fifty miles between Cheyenne and Laramie carry the motorist up a grade of 1,100 feet. Soon Elk Mountain's crayoned lines, half-lost in mystic, magic hazes, become visible. And what traveler will not wish to pause for the night at quaint Elk Mountain Hotel before pushing farther on? The Laramie and Medicine Bow ranges hold beauty spots that are almost brothers to the splendid haunts of the Yellowstone. Their scenery is a worthy threshold to the superb glories of the Rockies themselves which the wonder-way now draws near.

If the pilgrim elects to turn north from Rawlins, Wyo., and, forsaking the Lincoln Way, to push on into the Yellowstone, and thence into Glacier National Park, Montana, where the wonder-work of geysers, hot springs, and waterfalls embroider the motor route, he will find excellent going. Glacier National Park flashes like lustrous jade-work among its ermine-tipped peaks. On this side-journey the road winds safely past the shoulders of frowning cliffs, through virgin forests where game is plentiful, over rushing streams of clear, cold water where mountain trout await the angler. The lover of rod and gun should not invade this region without time at his disposal to linger here and there amid tempting retreats. If time presses, regret will ride at his side. In these splendid solitu-

(Continued on page 57)

